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Left Foot, Right Foot

My alarm rings. Darkness pervades my room with almost complete opacity, obscuring my vision to the extent that I can’t even see my hands in front of me. I groggily glance toward my alarm clock; it reads 6 a.m. I then proceed to feel my way towards the light switch in my room and succeed in accomplishing a permanent task on my daily to-do list: stumbling over my running shoes. After I turn the lights on, I can see that it is June 11th, 2012, on the calendar adjacent to the switch. I think to myself, “Oh good, summer break has started. Back to bed for me,” and contemplate regressing to slumber, but dismiss the thought, mentally admonishing myself and remembering, “Champions don’t take breaks from runs: the runs themselves are breaks from reality.”

Two hours later, after consuming a bowl of cereal with unexpected voracity, reading the beginning of Karl Marx’s *The Communist Manifesto,* and slipping into the appropriate attire, I return to my room for my running shoes. Once my shoes are on, I am inundated, invulnerable, indefatigable; the artesian well of determination and the formerly tranquil stream of memories from my first year of cross country surge through my soul, and I learn once again why I rise before the sun out of my own volition. Most people enjoy going barefoot in the summer months because they see it as an expression of freedom; I do not share their feeling of liberation until at least 4 miles into a run, when my feet are striking the almost-incendiary roads in neighborhood after neighborhood. Moreover, people like to think of racing as the more enjoyable part of running; however, being something of an esthete, I prefer exploring the seemingly boundless, intricate golf cart paths of Peachtree City. I, the athlete, derive the most sublime form of bliss from letting my feet fall into rhythm, inhaling the aroma of grass saturated by morning dew and freshly cut, and absorbing the vivid scenery of Peachtree City with the feeling that time is simultaneously infinite and precious. Races mean more to spectators than they do to me, but running, the sport of “left foot, right foot,” will always give to me tenfold what I expect from it.

Works Cited

**There are no sources in the current document.**